

If profyghe maye growe, most Christe and
By knowlege of thynges, whych are by
sytorye,
And here for a tyme. Of much more co
Aduantage myght sprynge, by the ier
ses heauenlye.

As those matters are, that the Gospell speeche
Without whose knowlege, no man to the truche
Nor euer atteyne, to the lyfe perpetuall.

For he that knoweth not, the lynyng God etc.
The father, the sonne, and also the holye Ghost.
And what Christ suffered, for redempcyon of vs all.
What he commaunded, and taught in euery coost.
And what he forbode. That man must nedes be lost.
And cleane secluded, from the saychfull chosen sorte.
In the heauens aboue, to hye most bygh dysconfor

Now therfor (good fryndes) I louynge
To mye soch matters, as wyll be viued by
Of whome ye maye lere, to haue no tryfelin
In fantasyes fayned, nor soche lyte gaudyng
But the thynges that shall your inwarde ston
To reioyce in God, for your iustyfycacyon
And alone in Christ, to hope for your saluacyon

Yea, first ye shall haue, the eternall generacyon,
Of Christ lyte as Johan, in hye first chapt. wryghte
And consequentelye, of man the first creacyon,
The abuse and fall, through hys first ouersyghte,
And therayse agayne, through Gods bygh grace & myght
By promyses first, whych shall be declared all,
Then by hys owne sonne, the worke pryncypall,
After that Adam, by wayleth here hys fall,
God wyll shewe mercye, to euery generacyon.

And to hya kyngedome of hys great goodnesse call,
hys elected spouse, or faythfull congregacyon,
shall apere, by open protestacyon,
from Chyestes birche, shall to hys deache conclude,
and thartherof, wyll shewe the certyude.

Pater coelestis.

y y ytal se

In the begynnynge, before the heauens were
create,

In me and of me, was my sonne sempytternall,
With the holy Ghost, in one degre or estate,
Of the hygh Godhed, to me the father coequall,
hys my sonne was, with me one God essencyall,
hout separacyon, at any tyme from me,

God he is, of equall dignyte,

at the begynnynge, my sonne hath enet be,

as a father, in one essencyall beyng.

we create, by hym in yhe degre,

carthe, and haue their dyuerse workynge,

as we were, was neuer made anye thyng,

by wrought, but through hys ordynance,

by hys strength, and whole contynnauce,

in hym is the lyfe, and the luste recouerance,

Adam and hys, whych nought but deache deserved,

and thys lyfe to men, is an hygh persenerance,

As a lyght of faythe, wherby they shall be saued,

And thys lyght shall shyne, amon the people bardened,

With yfaythfulnesse, Yet shall they not with hym take,

of wyllfull hart, by a lyberall grace forsaie,

Whych wyll compell me, agayn a man for to make,

In my dyspleasure, And sende plagues of coreccyon,

Most greuous and sharpe, hys wanton lustes to slake,

by

By water and fyre, by syckenesse and infectyon,
Of pestylent sores, molesynges bys complecyon
By troublous warre, by derthe and peynfull scarsenesse,
And after this lyfe, by an extreme heauynesse,

I will first begynne, with Adam for his lechdenesse,
Whych for an apple, neglected my commaundement,
Hes hall conynne, in labour for his rashenesse,
Hys onely sorce shall proude his food and rayment,
Yea, yet must he haue, a greater pynnyshment,
Most terribly deathe, shall bryng hym to his ende,
To teach hym how he, his lorde God, shall offende.

Hic praecepta in terram cadit Adamus, ac post quantum
uersum denuo refargit.

Adam primus homo.

Mercyfull father, thy pytyfull grace extende,
To me carefull wretche, whych haue me sore abused,
Thy precepte breakyng. O lorde, I mynde to amende,
If thy great goodnesse, wolde now haue me excused,
Most heauenlye maker, lette me not be refused,
Nor cast from thy syght, for one pore synnefull dede,
Alas I am frayle, my whole kynde ys but slyme.

Pater celestis.

I wote it is so, yett art thou no lesse faultye,
Thā thou haddest bene made, of matter moche more worthy,
I gaue the reason, and wyse to vnderstande,
The good from the euyl. And now to ratron hande,
Of a traynlesse mynde, the chynge whych I forbade the.

Adam primus homo.

Such heauye fortune, hath cheselye chaunced me,
For that I was left, to myne owne lyberte.

Pater celestis.

Soory heauye fyll

A III

The

Then thou art blamelesse, and the faulte thou layest to me?

Adam primus homo.

I saye, all I ascribe, to my owne imbecyllite,
No faulte in the lorde, but in my infirmyte,
And want of respect, in soche gyftes as thou gauest me,

Pater coelestis.

For that I put the, at thyne owne libertie,
Thou oughtest my goodnesse, to haue in more regarde,

Adam primus homo.

Anoyde it I cannot, thou layest it to me so harde,
Lorde now I perceyue, what power is in man,
And strength of hymselfe, when thy swete grace is absente,
He must nedes but fall, do he the best he can,
And daunger hymselfe, as ap reth euident.
For I synned not, so longe as thou wert present.
But when thou wert gone, I fell to synne by and by,
And the dyspleased. Good lorde I ave the mercy,

Pater coelestis.

Thou shalt dye for it, with all thy posterite,

Adam primus homo;

Thou faulte good lorde, auenge not thy self on me,
But a worine, or a fleshelye vanyte.

Pater coelestis;

I saye thou shalt dye, with thy whole posterite,

Adam primus homo;

Yet mercy swete lorde, yf anye mercy maye be,

Pater coelestis

I am immutable, I maye change no decre,
Thou shalt dye (I saye) without anye remedye,

Adam primus homo.

Yet gracyouse father, extende to me thy mercye,
And throwe not awaye, the worke whych thou hast create,
To thyne owne Image, But auert from me thy hate,

Pater

Præsentis Tragediæ.

Pater coelestis

But art thou sorrye, from bottom of thy hart?

Adam primus homo.

Thy dyspleasure is, to me most heauye smart,

Pater coelestis

Than wyll I tell the, what thou shalt stycke vnto,
Lyfe to recouer, and my good fauer also.

Adam primus homo.

Tell it me swete lorde, that I maye thereafter go,

Pater coelestis

Thys ys my coneuant, to the and all thy offsprynge,
For that thou hast bene, deceyued by the serpent,
I wyll put hatred, betwixt hym for his doynge,
And the woman kynde. They shall hereafter dyssene,
Hys seide with her seide, shall neuer haue agreement,
Her seide shall presse downe, his heade into the grounde,
Slee his suggestyons, and his whole power confounde,
Cleane to thys promyse, with all thy inwarde powre,
Firmelye enclose it, in thy remembraunce fast,
Solde it in thy faythe, with full hope daye and houre,
And thy saluacyon, it wyll be at the last,
That seide shall clere the, of all thy wyckednesse past,
And procure thy peace, with most hygh grace in my syght,
Se thou trust to it, and holde not the matter lyght.

Adam primus homo.

Swete lorde the promyse, that thy self here hath made me,
Of thy mere goodnesse, and not of my deseruynge,
In my faythe I trust, shall so establisshed be,
By helpe of thy grace, that it shall be remaynyng,
So longe as I shall haue here contynuyng,
And shewe it I wyll, to my posterite,
That they in lyke case, haue therby felycite.

Pater coelestis.

Actus primus

For a closynge vp, take yet one sentence with the.

Adam primus homo.

At thy pleasure lorde, all thynges myght euer be,

Pater ceelstis

For that my promyse, maye haue the deper effect,

In the faythe of the, and all thy generacyon.

Take thys sygne with it, as a seale, therto connect,

Crepes hall the Serpent, for hys ab homynacyon.

The woman shall sorowe, in paynefull propagacyon.

Like as thu shalt synde, thys true in ou warde woitynge.

So thynke the other, though it be an hydden thyng.

Adam primus homo.

Incessaunt praysynge, to the most heauenlye lorde,

For thys thy socoure, and vnder serued kyndenesse.

Thu byndest me in hart, thy gracyouse gyftes to recorde,

And to beare in mynde, now after my heavynesse,

The brute of thy name, with in warde ioye and gladnesse,

Thu dysdaynest not, as wele apereth thys daye,

To fatche to thy folde, thy first shepe goynge a straye.

Most myghtye maker, thu castest not yet awaye,

Thy synnefull fernaunt, whych hath done most offence.

It is not thy mynde, for euer I shuld decaye,

But thu reseruest me, of thy benyvolence,

And hast prouyded, for me a recompence,

By thy appoynement, like as I haue receyued,

Thy stronge promyse, here openly pronounced,

Thys goodnesse dere lorde, of me is vnderued,

I so declynynge, from thy first instytcyon,

At so lyght mocyons. To one that thus hath swerued,

What a lorde art thu, to geue soche retribucyon?

I damnable wrecche, deserved execucyon,

Of terribble deache, wichout all remedye,

And to be put out, of all good memorye.

I am enforced, to reioyce here inwardelye,

An ympe though I be, of helle, deathe, and dampnacyon,
Through my owne workynge. For I consydre thy mercye,
And pyetiefull mynde, for my whole generacyon.

It is thou swete lord, that workest my saluacyon,

And my reconer. Therfor of a congruence,

From hens thou must haue, my hart and obedyence,

Though I be mortall, by reason of my offence,

And shall dye the deathe, like as God hath appoynted,

Of thys am I sure, through hys hygh influence,

At a seven daye, agayne to be reuyned.

From grounde of my hart, thys shall not be remoued,

I haue it in faythe, and therfor I wyll synge,

Thys Antheme to hym, that my saluacyon shall brynge.

Tunc sonora uoce, prouolutis genibus Antiphonam incipit, O
Sapientia, Quam prosequetur chorus cum organis,
eo interim exeunte,

Vel sub eodem tono poterit sic Anglice cantari,

Eternal Sapyence, that procedest from the mouthe of
hyghest, reachynge fourth with a great power fro the begyn-
nyng to the ende, with heauenlye sweetnesse dysposynge all
creatures, come now and enstruet vs the true waye of thy
godlye prudence.

Finit Actus primus,

B

pater

I have bene moued, to stryke man dynerfelye,
 Sens I lefte Adam, in thys same earthly mansyon;
 For whye he hath done, to me dyspleasures manye,
 And wyll not amende, hys lyfe in anye condycyon,
 No respect hath he, to my worde nor monycyon.
 But doth what hym lust, without dyscrete aduysment,
 And wyll in no wyse, take myne aduertysment.

Cain hath slayne Abel, hys brother an innocent,
 Whose bloude from the earth, doth call to me for vengeance
 My children with mennis, so carnallye consent,
 That their wayne workyng, is vnto me moche greuance,
 Wantynge is but fleshe, in hys whole dallyaunce,
 All vyce encreaseth, in hym contrynnallye,
 Nothyngt he regardeth, to walke vnto my glorye.

My hate abhorreth, hys wylfull myserye,
 Hys cankered malycy, hys cursed couerousenesse,
 Hys lustes lecherouse, hys vengeable tyrannye,
 My mercyfull murther, and other vngodlynnesse,
 I wyll destroye hym, for hys outragiousnesse,
 And not hym onelye, but all that on earth do skere,
 Till they repentech me, that euer I made them here.

Iustus Noah.

Most gentyll maker, with hys fraylenesse sumwhat beate
 Man is thy creature, thy selfe can not saye naye,
 Though thou ponnysh hym, to put hym sumwhat in feare,
 Hys faulte to knowledg, yet seke not hys decaye,
 Thou mayest reclayne hym, though he goeth now astraye,
 And bryngge hym agayne, of thy abundaunt grace,
 To the folde of faythe, he acknowlegynge hys trespase.

Pater celestis,

Thou knowest I have geuen, to hym conuenient space.

With

With lausfull warnynges, yet he amenderth in no place.
The naturall lawe, whych I wrote in hys harte,
He hath outraced, all goodnesse puttyng a parte,
Of helche the couenaunt, whych I to Adam made,
He regardeth not, but walketh a damnable trade,

Iustus Noah.

All thys is true lorde, I can not thy wordes reprove,
Lete hys weaknesse yet, thy mercyfull goodnesse moue.

Pater celestis.

No weaknesse is it, but wylfull workyng all,
That reigneth in man, through mynde dyabolycall.
He shall haue therfor, lyke as he hath deserved.

Iustus Noah

Lose hym not yet lorde, though he hath depelye swerued,
I knowe thy mercye, is farre aboue hys rudenesse,
Beyng infynyte, as all other thynges are in the.
Hys folye therfor, now pardone of thy goodnesse,
And measure it not, beyonde thy godlye pytie.
Esteeme not hys faulte, farder than helpe maye be,
But graunt hym thy grace, as he offendeth so depelye,
The to remembre, and abhorre hys myserye.

Of all goodnesse lorde, remembre thy great mercye,
To Adam and Eue, breakyng thy first commaundement.
Them thou releuedest, with thy swete promyse heauenlye,
Synnefull though they were, and their lynes neglygent,
I knowe that mercye, with the is permanent,
And wyll be ever, so longe as the worlde endure,
Thou close not thy hande, from man whych is thy creature.
Beyng thy subiect, he is vnderneath thy cure,
Correct hym thou mayest, and so bryng hym to grace,
All lyeth in thy handes, to leaue or to allure,
Bytter deathe to geue, or graunte most suffren solace.

Actus Secundus

Utterlye from man, auerte not then thy face,
But lete hym sauer, thy swete benyuolence,
Sumwhat though he fele, thy hande for hys offences.

Pater coelestis,

My true seruante Noah, thy ryghteousnesse doch moue me,
Sumwhat to reserue, for mannys posterite.

Though I drowne the worlde, yet wyll I saue thelyues,
Of the and thy wyfe, thy iij. sonnes and their wyues,
And of yche kynde two, to maynteyne yow herafter.

Iustus Noah.

Blessed be thy name, most myghtye mercyfull maker,
With the to dyspute, it were vnconuenient.

Pater coelestis,

Whye doest thou saye so: Be bolde to speke thy intent.

Iustus Noah.

Shall the other dye, without anye remedyes?

Pater coelestis,

I wyll drowne them all, for their wylfull wycked folye,
That man herafter, therby maye knowe my powre,
And feare to offende, my goodnesse daye and houre.

Iustus Noah.

As thy pleasure is, so myght it alwayes be,
For my helthe thou art, and sowles felycyte.

Pater coelestis,

After that thys flonde, haue had hys ragynge passage,
Thys shall be to the, my couenaunt everlastynge.
The sees and waters, so farre neuermore shall rage,
As all fleshe to drowne, I wyll so tempre theit workynge,
Thys sygne wyll I adde, also to confirme the thyng,
In the cloudes aboue, as a scale or token clere,
For sauegarde of man, my raynebowe shall apere.

Take thou thys couenaunt for an earnest confu macyon,

Of

Præsentis Tragediæ.

Of my former promyse, to Adams generacyon.

Iustus Noah,

I wyll blessed lorde, with my whole hart and mynde,

Pater cœlestis,

Sarewele than iust Noah, here leaue I the behynde,

Iustus Noah,

Most myghtye maker, ere I from hens depart,

I must geue the prayse, from the bottom of my hart,

Whom maye we thanke lorde, for our helthe & saluacyon?

But thy great mercye and goodnesse vnderued,

Thy promyse in saythe, is our iustysfycacyon,

As it was Adams, whan hys hart therin rested,

And as it was theirs, whych therin also trusted,

Thys saythe was grounded, in Adams memorye,

And clerelye declared, in Abels innocencye,

Saythe in that promyse, Olde Adam ded iustysfye,

In that promyse saythe, made Eua to prophecye,

Saythe in that promyse, proued Abel innocent,

In that promyse saythe, made Seth full obedyent,

That saythe taught Enos, on Gods name first to call,

And made Mathusalah, the oldest man of all,

That sayth brought Enoch, to so hygh exercyse,

That God toke hym vp, with hym into paradyse,

Of that saythe the want, made Cain to hate the good,

And all hys offsprynge, to peryshe in the flood,

Saythe in that promyse, preserued both me and myne,

So wyll it all them, whych folowe the same lyne.

Not onlye thys gyfte, thou hast geuen me swete lordes,

But with it also, thine euerlastynge couenaunt,

Of truse for euer, thy raynebowe bearynge recorde,

Nenermore to drowne, the wolde by floude inconstaunt,

Makyng the waters, more peaceable and plesant,

B ii

Alac

Actus tertius.

Alas I can not, to the gene prayse condygne,
Yet wyll I synge here, wiche harte meke and benygne.

Magnatunc uoce Antiphoniam incipit, O oriens splendor,
&c, in genua cadens, Quam chorus prolequetur cum
organis, ut supra.

Vel Anglice sub eodem tono.

O most orient clerenesse, and lyght shynynge of the sempit
ternall bryghtnesse. O clere sunne of iustyce and heauenlye
ryghtousnesse, come hyther and illumyne the prisoner, sytтын
ge now in the darke prison and shaddowe of eternall deathe,

Finit actus secundus.

Incipit actus tertius.

Pater coelestis,

Myne hygh dyspleasure, must nedes returne to man,
Consyderynge the synne, that he doth daye by daye:
For neyther kyndenesse, nor extreme handelynge can,
Make hym to knowe me, by anye faythfull waye,
But styll in myschefe, he walkech to hys decaye,
If he do not sone, hys wyckednesse consydre,
It is lyke doubtlesse, to perysh all togydre.

In my syght he is, more venym than the spyder
Through soch abuses, as he hath eyecysed,
From the tyme of Noah, to thys same season hyder.
An vncomelye acte, without shame Cham commysed,
Whan he of hys father, the secreete partes reueled,
In lyke case Nemrod, agaynst me wrought abusyon
As he raysted vp, the castell of confusyon,

Ninus hath also, and all by the deuyls illusyon,
Through vimage makynge, vp raysted Idolatrye,
We co dyshonoure. And now in the conclusyon,
The vile Sodomytes, lyue so vnnaturallie

That

Præsentis Tragediæ.

That their synne vengeaunte, ageth contynuallye?
For my couenauntes sake, I wyll not drowne with water,
Yet shall I vysyte, their synnes with other matter.

Abraham fidelis.

Yet mercyfull lorde, thy gracyousnesse remembre,
To Adam and Noah, both in thy worde and promes,
And lose not the sowles, of men in so great nombre,
But save thyne owne worke, of thy most dyscrete goodnes.
I wote thy mercyes, are plentyfull and endles.
Neuer can they dye, nor fayle, thy self enduryng,
Thys hath faythe fixed, fast in my vnderstandyng.

Pater cœlestis.

Abraham my seruant, for thy most faythfull meanynges,
Both thou and thy stocke, shall haue my plentouse blessinge,
Where the vnfaythfull, vndre my curse euer more,
For their payne workyng, shall rewe their wyckednesse sore.

Abraham fidelis.

Tell me blessed lorde, where wyll thy great malyce lyght,
My hope is, all fleshe, shall not perysh in thy syght?

- Pater cœlestis.

No trulye Abraham, thou chauncest vpon the ryght,
The thyng I shall do, I wyll not hyde from the,
Whome I haue blessyd, for thy true fydelitye.
For I knowe thou wylt, cause both thy chyldren & seruantes,
In my wayes to walke, and trust vnto my couenauntes,
That I maye perfourme, with the my earnest promes.

Abraham fidelis.

All that wyll I do, by assystence of thy goodnes.

Pater cœlestis.

From Sodom and Gomor, the abhomynacions call,
For my great vengeaunce, whych wyll vpon them fall.
Wylde fyre and brymstone, shall lyght vpon them all.

Abraham

Actus Tertius.

Abraham fidelis.

Pyetifull maker, though they haue kyndled thy furye,
Cast not awaye yet, the iust sort with the vngodlye.
Parauenture there maye, be fiftye ryghteouse persones,
Within those cyties, wyle thu lose them all at ones?
And not spare the place, for those fyfye ryghteouse sakes?
Be it farre from the, soch rygoure to vndertake.

I hope there is not, in the so cruell hardenesse,
As to cast awaye, the iust men with the rechelesse,
And so to destroye, the good with the vngodlye,
In the iudge of all, be neuer soche a furye.

Pater coelestis.

At Sodom if I, maye fynde iust persones fiftye,
The place wyll I spare, for their sakes verelye.

Abraham fidelis.

I take vpon me, to speake here in thy presence,
More then become me, lorde pardon my neglygence,
I am but ashes, and were lothe the to offende.

Pater coelestis.

Saye fourth good Abraham, for yll dost thu non intende.

Abraham fidelis.

Happlye there maye be, fyue lesse in the same nombre,
For their sakes I trust, thu wyle not the rest accombre?

Pater coelestis

If I amonge them, inyght fynde but fyne and fortye
Them wolde I not lose, for that iust cumpanye.

Abraham fidelis.

What if the cytie, maye fortye ryghteouse make?

Pater coelestis.

Then wyll I pardone it, for those same fortyes sake.

Abraham fidelis.

Be not angrie lorde, though I speake vndyscretelye.

Pater

Presentis Tragediz;

Pater cœlestis

Vtter thy whole mynde, and spare me not hardelye.

Abraham fidelis.

Parauenture there maye, be thirty founde amonge them.

Pater cœlestis

Maye I synde thirty, I wyll nothyng do vnto them?

Abraham fidelis.

I take vpon me, to moche lorde in thy syghes

Pater cœlestis.

No, no, good Abraham, for I knowe thy saythe is ryght.

Abraham fidelis.

No lesse I suppose, than twenty can it haue?

Pater cœlestis.

Could I synde twenty, that cytie wolde I save.

Abraham fidelis.

Ones yet wyll I speake, my mynde, and than nomore,

Pater cœlestis.

Spare not to vtter, so moche as thou hast in store.

Abraham fidelis.

And what if there myght, be y. good creatures founde?

Pater cœlestis.

The rest for their sakes, myght so be safe and sounde,
And not destroyed, for their abhomynacyon.

Abraham fidelis.

O mercyfull maker, moche is thy tolleracyon,
And sufferance of synne. I se it now in dede,
Witane yet of fauer, out of those cyties to leade,
Those that be faythfull, though their flocke be but small.

Pater cœlestis.

Forhand bys howsholde, I wyll delyuer all,
For ryghteousnesse sake whych is of me and not them.

Abraham fidelis.

C

Great

Actus Tertius.

Great are thy graces, in the generacyon of Sem.

Pater cœlestis,

Well Abraham welk, for thy true saytfulnes,

Now wyll I geue the, my couenante or thirde promes.

Loke thu beleue it, as thu coneryst ryghtheousnesse,

Abraham fidelis.

Loorde so regarde me, as I receyue it with gladnesse.

Pater cœlestis

Of manye peoples, the father I wyll make the,

All generacyons, in thysede shall be blessyd.

As the starres of heauen, so shall thy kynred be.

And by the same sede, the woulde shall be redressed.

In circumcysyon, shall thys thynge be expessed,

As in a sure seale, to proue my promyse true,

Prynt thys in thy saythe, and it shall thy soule r. nue,

Abraham fidelis.

I wyll not one Jore, Loorde from thy wyll dyssent,

But to thy pleasure, be alwayes obedyent,

Thy lawes to fullfyll, and most precyouse commaundement.

Pater cœlestis

Farwele Abraham, for heare in place I leaue the.

Abraham fidelis.

Thankes wyll I rendre, lyke as it shall behoue me.

Euerlastynge prayse, to thy most gloryouse name.

Whych sauedyst Adā, through saythe in thy swete promes,

Of the womannys sede. And now confirme st the same,

In the sede of me. So soth great is thy goodnes

I can not perceyue, but that thy mercye is endles.

To soch as feare the, in euery generacyon,

For it endureth, without abreyuacyon.

Thys haue I prynted in depe consyderacyon,

No worldly matter, can race it out of mynde,

For ones it wyll be, the fynall restauracyon,
Of Adam and Eue, with other that hath synde,
Yea, the sure helthe, and rayse of all mankynde,
Helpe haue the saythfull, therof, though they be infect,
They condemnacyon, where as it is rect.

Mercyfull maker, my crabbed voyce dyrect,
That it maye breake out, in some swete prayse to the,
And suffre me not, thy due lawdes to neglect,
But lete me shewe forth, thy commendacyons fre.
Steppes not my wynde pypes, but geue them lyberte,
To iounde to thy name, whych is most gracyouse,
And in it reioyce, with harte melodyouse.
Tunc alta uoce canit Antiphonam, O rex gentium, choro ean-
dem prosequente cum organis, ut prius, Vel
Anglice hoc modo,

O most myghtye governour, of thy people, and in harte
most desyred, the harde rocke and true corner stone, that of
two maketh one, vnyng the Jewes with the gentyles in one
churche, come now and releue mankynde whom thou hast four-
med of the vyle earthe.

Finis actus tertius.

Incipit actus Quartus,

Pater ecclestis,

Styll so increaseth, the wyckednesse of man,
That I am moued, with plagues hym to confounde,
Hys weakenesse to ayde, I do the best I can,
Yet he regardeth me, no more than doth an hounde.
My worde and promyse, in hys saythe taketh no grounde,
He wyll so longe walke, in hys owne luster at large,
That nought he shall fynde, hys folye to dyscharge.

C ii

Sens

Sens Abrahams tyme, whych was my true elect,
Ismael haue I founde, both wycked, scarce, and cruell,
And Esau in mynde, with hatefull mutcher infect,
The sonnes of Jacob, to lustes vnnaturall fell,
And into Egypte, ded they their brother sell,
Laban to ydolles, gaue faythfull reuerence,
Dina was corrupt, through Sichems vyolence.

Ruben abused hys fathers concubyne,
Judas gate chyldren, of hys owne daughter in lawe.
Yea, her in my syght, went after a wycked lyne,
Hys sede Onanspylte, hys brothers name to withdrawe.
Achan lyued here, without all godlye awe.
And now the chyldren, of Israel abuse my powre,
In so vyle maner, that they moue me enerye howre.

Moses sanctus,

Pacyfye thy wrathe, sweete lorde I the desyre,
As thou art gentyll, benygne and pacyent.
Lose not that people, in fearenesse of thyne yre,
For whom thou hast shewed, soche tokens euident,
Conuertynge thys rodde, into a lyuelye serpent,
And the same serpent, into thys rodde agayne,
Thy wonderfull power, declarynge very playne,
For their sakes also, puttest Pharao to payne,
By ten dyuerse plages, as I shall here declare.
By bloud, frogges, & lyce, by flies, death, borche, & blayne,
By hayle, by grassoppers, by darkenesse, and by care.
By a Soden plage, all their first gotten ware,
Thou fliest in one nyght, for hys scarce cruelnesse.
From that thy people, withholde not now thy goodnesse.

Pater coelestis,

I cerryfye the, my chosen seruaunt Moses.

That

That people of myne is full of vnrhankesfulnes.

Moses sanctus,

Dere lord, I knowe it, alas yet waye their weaknes,
And beare with their faulces, of thy great bounteousnes.
In a flamynge bushe, hauntyng to them respect,
Thy appoyntedest me, their passage to direct,
And through the reade see, thy ryght hande ded vs lede,
Where Pharaos hoost, the floude ouerwhelmed in dede.

Thy wentest before them, in a shynynge cloude all daye,
And in the darke nyght, in fyre thou shewedest their waye,
Thy sentest them Manna, from heauen to be their food,
Out of the harde stone, thou gauest them water good,
Thy appoyntedest them, a lande of mylke and honye,
Lete them not perysh, for want of thy great mercye,

Pater cœlestis,

Content they are not, with foule nor yet with fayre,
But murmour and grudge, as people in dyspayre,
As I sent Manna, they had it in dysdayne,
Thus of their welfare, they manye tymes complayne,
Ouer Amalech, I gaue them the vycctorye,

Mos' s sanctus,

Most gloryouse maker, all that is to thy glorye,
Thy sentest them also, a lawe from heauen aboue,
And daylye shewedest them, manye tokens of great lone.
The brasen serpent, thou gauest them for their healyng,
And Balaams curse, thou turnedest into a blessing,
I hope thou wylt not, dysdayne to helpe them styll,

Pater cœlestis

I gaue them preceptes, whych they wyll not fulfyll,
Nor yet knowledg me, for their God and good lord,
So do their vyle dedes, with their wycked hartes accorde,
Whyls thou hast talked, with me famylyarlye.

fourtye, the space but of dayes fortye,
ghies all, they haue forgotten clerke,
are turned, to shamefull ydolatrie.
For their God they haue, sett vp a golden calfe.

Moses sanctus,

Let me saye sumwhat, swere father in their behalfe.

Pater cœlestis.

I wyll first conclude, and then saye on thy mynde,
For that I haue founde, that people so vnkynde,
None of them shall enioye the promyse of me,
For enterynge the lande, but Caleb and Josue.

Moses sanctus,

Thy eternall wyll, euermore fulfilled be,
For dysobedyence, thou slewest the sonnes of Aaron,
The earthe swallowed in, both Dathan and Abiron.
The adders ded styng, other wycked persones els,
In wonderfull nombre. Thus hast thou punnyshed rebels.

Pater cœlestis,

Nener wyll I spare, the cursed iniquyte,
Of ydolatrie, for no cause, thou mayst trust me.

Moses sanctus,

Forgeue them yet lord, for this tyme if it maye be.

Pater cœlestis.

Thynkest thou that I wyll, so sone change my decre?
No, No, frynde Moses so lyght thou shalt not synde me,
I wyll punnysh them, all Israel shall it se.

Moses sanctus,

I wote, thy people, hath wrought abhomynacyon,
Worshypinge false goddes, to thy honours derogacyon,
Yet mercyfullie, thou mayest vpon them loke,
And if thou wylt not, thrust me out of thy booke.

Pater cœlestis.

Those

Presentis Tragedie.

Those great blasphemers, shall out of my booke cleane,
But thus shalt not so, for I knowe what thou doest meane.
To iduce my people, myne Angell shall assyst the,
That synne a daye, wyll not vncorrected be.
And for the true zele, that thou to my people hast,
I adde thys couenaunt, vnto my promyses past.

A tyme them vs I wyll, a prophete from amonge them,
Not onlyke to the, to speake my wordes vnto them,
Whoso he weth not, that he shall speake in my name,
I wyll reuenge it, to hys perpetuall shame.
The palse ouer lambe, wyll be a token in it,
Of thy stronge couenaunt. Thys haue I clerelye dyscuss,
In my appoynement, thys houre for your delyuerance.

Moses sanctus;

Neuer shall thys thyng, depart from my remembrance,
Farde be for euer, to the most mercyfull lorde,
Whych neuer with drawest, from man thy heauenlye cōfort,
But from age to age, thy benefytes doth recorde,
What thy goodnesse is, and hath bene to hys sort,
As we fynde thy grace, so ought we to report.
And doubtlesse it is, to vs most bounteous,
Yea, for all our synnes, most rype and plenteous,
Abraham our father, founde the benyuolous,
So ded good Isaac, in hys dystresse amonge,
To Jacob thou wert, a gyde most gracyous,
Joseph thou savedest, from daungerous deadlye wronge,
Melchisedech and Job, felt thy great goodnesse stronge,
So ded good Sara, rebecca, and fayre Rachel,
With Sephora my wyfe, the doughter of Raguel,
To prayse the swete lorde, my saythe doth me compell,
For thy couenantes sake, wherein rest our saluacyon.
The sede of promyse, all other sedes excell,

For

Actus Quartus.

For cherin rentayneth, our full iustysfycacyon,
From Adam and Noah, in Abrahams generacyon.
Thar syde procureth Gods myghty grace and power,
For the same sedes sake, I wyll synge now thys howre.

Clara tunc uoce Antiphonam incipit, O Emanuel, quam
chorus (ut prius) prosequetur cum organis,
Vel Anglice canat.

O hygh tynge Emanuel, & our lege lorde, the longe ex-
pectacyon of Gentyles, and the myghtye sauer of their mul-
titude, the helthe and consolacyon of synners, come now for
to saue vs, as our lorde and our redeimer.

Finitus Actus Quartus.

Incipit actus quintus,
Pater celestis.

For all the fauer, I haue shewed Israel,
Delyuerynge her, from Pharaoes tyrannye,
And geuynge the lande fluentem lac & mel,
Yet wyll she not leaue, her olde ydolatrye,
Nor knowe me for God. I abhorre her myserye,
Deyed her I haue, with barrayles and decayes,
Styll must I plage her, I se non ocher wayes,
David rex pius.

Remembre yet lorde, thy worthye seruante Moses,
Walkynge in thysyght, without rebuke of the,
Both Aaron, Jerro, Eleazar, and Phinees,
Euermore feared, to offende thy mageste.
Noch thou acceptedest, thy seruante Josue,
Caleb and Othoniel, soughte the with all their hart,
Aioch end Sangar, for thy folke ded their part,
Gedeon and Thola, thy enemyes put to smart,

Jaye

Jayr and Jephthē, gave prayſes to thy name;
 Theſe to leave ydolles, thy people ded coart,
Samſon the ſtrongest, for bys way ded the ſame,
 Samuel and Nathan, thy meſſages ded proclame,
 What though ſcarce Pharaos, wrongh myſchefe in chy ſyghe;
 He was a pagane, laye not that in our lyght,
 I wote the Beniamytes, abuſed the wayes of ryght,
 So ded Helyes ſonnes, and the ſonnes of Samuel.
 Saul in bys offyce, was ſlouchfull daye and nyght,
 Wycked was Semei, ſo was Achitophel.
 Meaſure not by them, the faulres of Iſrael,
 Whom thu haſt loued, of longe tyme ſo interlye,
 But of thy great grace, remyt her wycked folye,

Patet celeſtis.

I can not abyde, the vyce of ydolatrie,
 Though I ſhuld ſuffer, all other vyllanye.
 When Joſue was dead, that ſort from me ded fall,
 To the worſhyppynge of Aſteroth and Baal,
 Full vncleane ydolles, and monſters beſtyall.

Dauid rex pius.

For it they haue had, thy ryght conſeponnyſtment,
 And for as moch as they, ded wyckedly conſent,
 To the Paleſtynea, and Chananytes vngodlye,
 Idolaters takynge, to them in marrymonye,
 Thu threwſt them vndre, the kyng of Meſopotamyē;
 After thu ſubduedeſt them, for their Idolatrie.

Eyghtene years to Eglon, the kyng of Moabytes,
 And xij. years to Jabin, the kyng of Chananytes,
 Oppreſſed they were, viij. years of the Madyanytes,
 And xviij. years vexed, of the cruell Ammonytes.
 In iij. great battayles, of iij. ſcore thouſand and fyue,
 Of thys thy people, not one was left a lyne.

D

Haue

Haue mercye now lord, and call them to repentance,

Pater ccelestis.

So longe as thry synne, so longe shall they haue greuaunce,
Dauid my seruante, sumwhat must I saye to the,
For that thou larelye, hast wroughte soch vanyte.

Dauid rex pius.

Spare not blessed lorde, but saye thy pleasure to me.

Pater ccelestis.

Of late dayes thou hast, mysused Bersabe,
The wyfe of Dye, and slayne hym in the fyelde.

Dauid rex pius.

Mercye lorde mercye, for doubtesse I am defylde:

Pater ccelestis.

I constitute the a kynge ouer Israel,
And the preserued, from Saul whych was thy enemye,
Yea, in my fauour, so moch thou dost excell,
That of thy enemyes, I gane the victorie,
Palestynes and Syriaes, to the came tributarye,
Why hast thou then wroughte, soch folye in my syght?
Despyrnyng my worde, agaynst all godlye ryght.

Dauid rex pius.

I haue synned lorde, I besyche the, pardon me.

Pater ccelestis.

Thou shalt not dye Dauid, for thys my guyte,
For thy repentance, But thy sonne by Bersabe,
Shall dye, for as moch, as my name is blasphemed,
Amonge my enemyes, and thou the worse esteemed,
From thy horse for thys, the swerde shall not depart.

Dauid rex pius.

I am forye lorde, from the bottom of my hart.

Pater ccelestis.

To further anger, thou dost me yet compell,

Dauid

Dauid rex pius.

For what matter lord, I besyche thy goodnesse tell.

Pater coelestis.

Why dedest thou numbred the people of Israel?
Supposhest in thy mynde, therein thou hast done welles.

Dauid rex pius.

I can not saye naye, but I haue done vndyscretelye,
To forget thy grace, for a humayne pollycye,

Pater coelestis.

Thou shalt of these iij. chosyn whych plage thou wilt haue,
For that synnefull acte, that I thy sowle maye saue.
A scarfenesse viij. years, or els iij. monethes exyle,
Eicher for iij. dayes, the pestylence most vyle,
For one thou must haue, there is no remedye.

Dauid rex pius.

Loorde at thy pleasure, for thou art full of merceye,

Pater coelestis.

Of a pestylence, then iij. score thousand and ten,
In iij. dayes shall dye of thy most puyssant men.

Dauid rex pius.

O lord, it is I, whych haue offended thy grace,
Spare them and not me, for I haue done the trespase.

Pater coelestis.

Though thy synnes be great, thy inwarde hartes cōtrycyon,
Doth moue my stomake, in wonderfull condycyon.

I fynde the a man, accordyng to my hart,
Wherfor thys promyse, I make the ere I depart.

A frute there shall come, forth yssuynge from thy bodye,
Whom I wyll aduancee, vpon thy seate for euer.

Hys throne shall become, a seate of heauenlye glorie,

Hys worthy scepture, from ryght wyll not dysseuer,

Hys happye kyngedome, of faythe, shall perysh neuer.

D i

of

Of heauen and of earthe, he was autor pynceypall,
And wyll contynue, though they do perysh all.

Thys sygne shalt thou haue, for a token specyall,
That thou mayst beleue, my wordes vnfaynedlye.
Where thou hast mynded, for my memoryall,
To buylde a temple, thou shalt not synysht trulye.
But Salomon thy sonne, shall do that accyon worthy,
In token that Christ, must synyshe euery thyng,
That I haue begonne, to my prayse everlastyng.

Dauid rex pius.

Immortall glorye, to be, most heauenlye kyng,
For that thou hast geuen, contynual vycroie,
To me thy seruante, euersens my annoyntyng,
And also before, by manye conquestes worthy,
A beare and lyon, I slewe through thy strength onlye,
I slewe Goliath, whych was vi. cubites longe,
Agaynst thy enemyes, thou madest me ever stronge.

My fleshye fraylenesse, made me do deadlye wronge,
And cleane to forget, thy lawes of ryghteousnesse,
And thouh thou vsyredest, my synnefulnesse amonge,
With pestylent plagis, and other vnquyetnesse,
Yet neuer tokest thou, from me the plenteousnesse,
Of thy godly sperte, whych thou in me dedyst plant,
I hauyng remorde, thy grace coulde neuer want.

For in conclusyon, thy everlastyng couenaunt,
Thou gauest vnto me, for all my wycked synne,
And hast promysed here, by protestacyon constaunt,
That one of my seide, shall soch hygh fortune wyne,
As neuer ded man, sens thys woulde ded begynne,
By hys power he shall, put Sathan from hys holde,
In reioyce wherof, to synge wyll I be bolde.

Canora

Canora voce tunc incipit Antiphonam, O Adonai, Qnam
(ut prius) prosequetur chorus cum organis,
Vell sic Anglice.

O lorde God Adonai, & gyde of the faythfull howse of Is-
rael, whych sum tyme aperedest in the flamynge bushe to Mo-
ses, and to hym dedest geue a lawe in mounte Syna, come
now for to redeme vs in the strengthe of thy ryght hande.

Finiractus Quintus,

Ineipit actus sextus.
Pater celestis,

Broughte vp chyldren, from their first infancye,
Whych now despyseth, my godlye instytucyons.
An oye knowech hy a lorde, an asse hy a masters dewtye,
But Israel wyll not, knowe me nor my condycyons,
Oh frowarde people, geuen all to superstycyons,
Vnnaturall chyldren, expert in blasphemyes,
Promoeth me to hate, by their ydolatryes.
Take hede to my wordes, ye tyrantes of Sodoma,
In vayne ye offer, your sackryfice to me.
Dyscontente I am, with yow beastes of Gomorra,
And haue no pleasure, whan I your offerynges se.
I abhorre your fastes, and your solempnyte.
For your tradycyons, my wayes ye set a parte,
Your workes are in vayne, I hate them from the harte.
Esaia propheta.

Thy cytie swete lorde, is now become vnfaythfull,
And her condycyons, are turned vp so downe.
Her lyfe is vnchast, her acres be very huttefull,
Her murther and thefte, hath darkened her renowne.
Couetous rewardes, doth so their consoyence drowne,

That the fatherlesse, they wyll not helpe to ryghe,
The poore wydowes cause, come not afore their syghe,
Thy peccable pathes, sette they neyther daye nor nyghe,
But walke wycked wayes, after their fantasie,
Conuert their hartes lorde, and geue them thy true lyght,
That they maye perceyne, their custonable folye,
Leaue them not helpelesse, in so depe myserie,
But call them from it, of thy most freyall grace,
By thy true prophetes, to their sowles helthe and solace.

Pater coelestis

First they had fathers, than had they partyarkes,
Than dukes, than iudges, to their gydes and monarkes,
Now haue they stowte kynges, yet are they wycked styll,
And wyll in no wyse, my plesant lawes fulfyll,
Alwayes they applye, to ydolles worshyping,
From the vyle begger, to the anoynted kyng.

Esaias Prepheta.

For that cause thou hast, in two deuyded them,
In Samaria the one, the other in Hierusalem,
The kyng of Iuda, in Hierusalem ded dwell,
And in Samaria, the kyng of Israel,
Ten of the twelue trybes, bycame Samarytanes,
And the other two, were Hierosolymytanes.

In both these cunreyes, accordynge to their doynges,
Thou permyttedest them, to haue most cruell kynges,
The first of Iuda, was wycked kyng Roboam,
Of Israel the first, was that cruell Hieroboam,
Abia than folowed, and in the other Nadab,
Then Basa, then Hela, then Zambri, Ioram and Achab.

Then Ochosias, then Athalia, then Joas,
On the other part, was Joathan and Achas,
To rehearse them all, that haue done wretchydlye,

In

Præsentis Tragediæ.

In the sygh: of chear were longe verelye.

Pater cœlestis.

For the wycked synne, of fylchye ydolatrie,
Whych the y. trybes ded, in the lande of Samarye,
In space of one daye, fiftie thousand men I slewe,
Thre of cheir cyries, also I ouerthrewe,
And lef: the people, in soch captyuete,
That in all the woulde, they wylt not whyther te fle.

The other ii. trybes, whan they from me went bad,
To ydolatrie, I lef: in the hande of Sesack.
The kynge of Egypt, whych toke awaye cheir treasure,
Co tuayed cheir cattel, and slewe them wihout measure,
In tyme of Achas, an hondred thousand and twentye,
Were slayne at one tyme, for cheir ydolatrie.

Two hondred thousande, from cheis were captyue led,
Their goodes dyspersed, and they wih penurye fed,
Seldom they sayle it, but cyther the Egipcians,
Hane them in bondage, or els the Assyrians,
And also they maye, thanke cheir ydolatrie.

Elaias Prophecia.

Welle, yet blessed lorde, relene them wih thy mercye,
Though they haue bene yll, by othe prynces dayes,
Yet good Ezechias, hath taught them godlye wayes,
Whi in the pryncce is good, the people are the better,
And as he is nought, cheir vyces are the greater,
Heauenlye lorde therfor, sende them the consolacyon,
Whych thou hast coneuyned, wih euery generacyon,
Open thou the heauens, and lete the lambe come hyther,
Whych wyl delyuer, thy people all togyther,
Ye planetes and cloudes, cast downe your dewes and rayne,
That the earth maye beare, one helthfull sauerplayne.

Pater cœlestis

Maye

Maye the wyse forget, the chylde of her owne bodye?

Esaias Propheta.

Maye that she can not, in anye wyse verelye.

Pater coelestis

Now more can I them, whych wyll do my comaundementes,
But must preserue them, from all inconuenyentes.

Esaias Propheta.

Blessed art thou lorde, in all thy actes and iudgements.

Pater coelestis.

Wele, Esaias, for thys thy fydelitee,

A conenante of helthe, thou shalt haue also of me.

For Syons sake now, I wyll not holde my peace,

And for Hierusalem, to speake wyll I not cease.

Tyll that ryghteous lorde, be come as a sūne beame bryght,
And their iust sauer, as a lampe extende hys lyght.

A rodde shall shur fourth, from the olde stocke of Jesse,

And a bryght blossome, from that roze wyll aryse:

Vpon whom alwayes, the spere of the lorde shall be,

The spere of wysdome, the spere of heauenly praccyse,

And the spere that wyll, all godlynesse denyse,

Take thys for a sygne, A mayde of Israel,

Shall conceyue and beare, that lorde Emanuel.

Esaias Propheta.

Thy prayses condygne, no mortall tynge can tell,

Most worthy maker, and kynge of heauenlye glorie,

For all capacityes, thy goodnesse doth excell,

Thy plenteouse graces, no brayne can compas trulye,

No wyt can conceyue, the greatnesse of thy merce,

Declared of late, in David thy true seruante,

And now confirmed, in thys thy latter couenante.

Of goodnesse thou madest, Salomon of wyt most preguant,

Asa and Josaphat, with good kynge Ezechias,

In thy syght to do, that was to the ryght plesanne.
To quench ydolatrie, thu raysedest vp Helias,
Jehu, Heliseus, Micheas, and Abdias.
And Naaman Syrus, thu pougedest of a leproye,
Thy workes wonderfull, who can but magnifye?
Aryse Hierusalem, and take saythe by and bye,
For the verye lyght, that shall save the, is comynge.
The sonne of the lorde, aperi wyll euydentlye,
Whan he shall resort, se that no Joye be wantynge.
He is thy sauer, and thy lyfe everlastynge.
Thy release from synne, and thy whole ryghteousnesse.
Helpe me in thys songe, to knowledg hys great goodnesse.

Concinna tunc uoce Antiphonam inchoat, O radix lesse,
Quam chorus prosequetur cum organis,
Vel Anglice hoc modo canit.

O fructefull roote of Jesse, that shall be set as a sygne amonge
people, agaynst the worldly rulers shall scarcely open their
mouthes. Whom the Gentyles shall worshyp as their hea-
venly lorde, come now for to delight vs, and delaye the tyme
no longer.



Finis actus Sextus.

I have with feare and awe, in tyme of tyme corrected,
 And agayne I have, allured hym by swete promes,
 I have sent sore piages, w'han he hath me neglected,
 And then by and by, most comfortable smertes,
 To wynne hym to grace, both merce and ryghteousnes,
 I have percyssed, yet wyll he not amende.
 Shall I now lose hym, or shall I hym defender
 In hys most myschefe, most hygh grace wyll I sende,
 To overcome hym, by fauoure, if it maye be,
 With hys abusyon no longer wyll I contende,
 But now accomplysh, my first wyll and decre.
 My worde beyng flesch, from hens shall see hym free,
 Hym teachyng a waye, of perfyght ryghteousnesse,
 That he shall no neede, to peryshe in hys wretchednesse.

Ioannes baptista.

Manasses lorde is past, whych turned from the hys harte,
 Ahas and Amon, haue now nomore ado,
 Iechonias with other, whych ded themselves auarte,
 From the to ydolles, maye now no farther go,
 The two false iudges, and Bels wycked prestes also,
 Phassur and Semeias with Nabuchodonosore,
 Antiochus and Triphon shall the dysplease nomore.
 Thre score yeaeres and ten, thy people into Babylon,
 Were captyue and thrall, for ydolles worschyppinge,
 Hierusalem was lost, and left voyde of domynioun,
 Brent was their temple, so was their other buyldyng,
 Ther hygh prestes were slayn, ther treasure came to nothyng,
 The strength and beweye, of thynge owne heretage,
 Thus dedest thou leane then, in myserable bondage,
 Ofte had they warnynges, sumtyme by Ezechiel,
 And other prophetes, as Esaye and Hieremye,

Sumtyme

Sumtyme by Daniel, sumtyme by Ose and Joel,
By Amos and Abdias, by Jonas and by Sophonye,
By Nahum and Micheas, by Agge and by Zacharye,
By Malachias, and also by Abacuch,
By Olda the wydowe, and by the prophete Baruch,
Remembre Josias, whych toke the abhomynacyon,
From the people then, restorynge thy lawes agayne,
Of Achab consydre, the faythfull generacyon,
Whō to wyne drynkyng, no fryndshyppe nyght cōstrayne,
Remembre Abdemelech, the frende of truthe certayne,
Zorobabel the prynce, whych ded repare the temple,
And Jesus Josedech, of vertu the exemple,

Consydre Tichemias, and Esdras the good scribe,
A mercyfull Tobias and constant Mardocheus,
Judith and quene Hester, of the same godly cyte,
Deuoute Marthias, and Judas Maccabens,
Hane mynde of Eleazar, and then Ioannes Hircanus,
Waye the earnest faythe, of thy agodlye companye,
Though the other cleane, fall from thy memorye,

Pater cœlestis,

I wyll Johan I wyll, for as I sayd afore,
Aygour and hardenesse, I haue now set a part,
Wynndyng from hens fourth, to wynde man euermore,
By wonderfull kyndenesse, to breake hys stubberne hart,
And change it from synne, for Christ shall suffre smite,
In mannyes frayle nature, for hys iniquyte,
Thys to make open, my massenger shalt thou be,

Ioannes baptista,

As thy pleasyre is, so blessed lorde appoynt me,
For my helpe thou art, and my sowles felycyte,

Pater cœlestis,

Long ere I made the, I the predestynate,

Actus Septimus.

Before thou wert borne, I the endued with grace,
In thy mothers wombe, wert thou sanctifyed,
By my godlye gyfte, and so confirmed in place,
A Propheete to shewe, a waye before the face,
Of my most dere sonne, whych wyll come the vntyll,
Applye the apace, thine offyce to fulfyll.

Preade to the people, rebuynge their neglygence,
Doppe them in water, they knowledgyng their offence,
And saye vnto them, The Kyngedome of God doth cum,
Ioannes Baptista,

Ommete lorde I am, Quia puer ego sum;
An other than that, Alas I haue no scyence,
Syt for that offyce, neyther yet cleane eloquence,
Pater coelestis,

Thou shalt not saye so, for I haue geuen the grace,
Eloquence and age, to speake in the desert place,
Thou must do therfor, as I shall the aduise,
My appoynted pleasure, fourthwyte in any wyse,
My stronge myghty wordes, put I into thy mouthe,
Spare not but speake them, to east, west, north and southe.

Hic extendens dominus manum, labia ioannis digito tan-
get, ac ori imponet auream linguam.

Go now thy waye fourth, I shall the neuer fayle,
The sprete of Helias, haue I geuen the alre dye,
Persuade the people, that they their synnes bywayle,
And if they repent, their customable folye,
Longe shall it not be, ere they haue remedye,
Open thou their hartes, tell them their helth is commynge,
As a voyce in desert, se thou declare the thyng.

I promyse the sure, thou shalt washe hym amouge them,
In Iordane a floude, nor farre from Hierusalem,
Ioannes Baptista,

Shewe

Shewe me yet good lorde, w^herby I may be saved.
In the multitude wherby I may be saved.
Pater celestis.

In thy mothers wombe, of hym I haddest the cognysment.
Ioannes baptista.

Yea, that was in speere. I wolde now knowe by a persoun.
Pater celestis.

Have thou no feare Johan. hym shal I knowe full well.
And one specyall token, afore wyll I the tell.

Super quem uideris spiritum descendentem & manentem
Super eum, hic est qui baptizat spiritu sancto.

Amonge all other, whom thou shalt baptysse there.
Upon whom thou seest the holy Ghost descend.
In shap of a dove, & syngynge upon hye (mildere).
Heide hym for the same, as shall the newe maner.
By baptysm of speere, and also to man extend.
Most specyall grace. For he must repare bys fall.
Re torynge agayne, that iustyce orygynall.

Take now thy iourneye, and do as I the aduyse.
First preache repentance, and then the people baptysse.
Ioannes baptista.

Hygh honour, wysshyp, and glorie be unto the.
O God eternall, and patrone of all puryte.

Repent good people, for synnes that now are past.
The kyngedome of heauen is at hande very nys.
The promysed lyght, to you approacheth fast.
Haue faythe and applye, now to receyue hym boldelye.
I am not the lyght, but to beare testimonye,
Of hym, am I sent, that all men maye beleue,
That his bloude he wyll, for their redempcyon geue.
He is so, & a lyght, as all men doch illumyne,
That ever were here, or shall be after this.

All the worlde he made, by hys myghte power deuyned,
 And yet that rude worlde, wyll not knowe what he is,
 Hys owne he enterynge, is not regarded of hys.

They that receyue hym, are Gods true chyldren playne,
 In sperte regenerate, and all gracefull attayne.

Manye do reckon, that J Johan Baptyst am he,
 Deceyued are they, and that wyll apere in space,
 Though he come after, yet was he longe afore me,
 We are weake vessels, he is the well of grace,
 Of hys great goodnesse, all that we haue we purchased
 By hym are we lyke, to haue a better increas,
 Than euer we had, by the lawe of Moses.

In Moses harde lawe, we had not claret darkeenes,
 Sygure and shaddowe. All was not e's but nyghte,
 Pounnyshment for synne, moch rygour, payne, and roughnes,
 An hygh charge is there, where all is turned to lyght,
 Grace and remysyon, anon wyll shyne full bryght,
 Neuer man lyued, that euer se God afore,
 Whych now in our kynde, manys ruine wyll restore.

Helpe me to geue thankes, to that lorde euermore,
 Whych am vnto Christ, a cryars voyce in the desart,
 To prepare the pathes, and hygh wayes hym before,
 For hys delyght is, on the poore symple hart,
 That innocent lambe, from soch wyll neuer departe,
 As wyll faythfully receyue hym with good mynde,
 Lett our voyce then sounde, in some swete musy, all kynde.

Resonatunc uoce Antiphonam incipit, O clavis David,
 Quam prosequetur chorus cum organo, ut prius.

Vel in Anglico sermone sic.

O perfyghte keye of Danid, and hygh sceptre of the kyn-
 dred of Jacob, whych openest and no man speareth, ebu spea-
 rest

Concludo.

es and no man to pynsch, come X by synne the fynysh
kynde bounde, in prison styngs in the durtynge of synne
and by cec dampnacy.

Baleus Prolocutor.

The matters are soch, that we haue uttered here.
Asongh: nor to syde, from your memory all,
For they haue opened, soch conforable gere,
As is to the helche, of thys kynde vnyuersall,
Graces of the lorde, and promyses lyberall,
Why ch he hath geuen, to man for every age,
To knyght hym to Christ, and so clere hym of bondage.

As Saynt Paule doth wrice, vnto the Corinthes playne,
Our fore fathers were, vnder the cloude of darkenes,
And vnto Christes dayes, ded in the shaddowe remayne,
Yet were they not leste, for of hym they had promes,
All they receyued, one spiryt all fedynge doubtes,
They dronke of the rocke, whych them to lyfe refreshed,
For ones anynge helche, in Christ, all they confessed.

In the womanas dede, was Adam first iustified,
So was fayefull Noah, so was iust Abraham,
The faythe in thar syde, in Moyses fourth martyred,
Lyke to hym in David and Esau, that after came,
And in Iohas Baptysm, which he had receyued,
Though they se a farr, yet all they had one in farr,
One Masse, as they call it, and in Christ one sacrifice.

A man can not here, as God be borne seruyce,
Than on thys to grounde, bys faythe and vnderstandynge,
For all the worldes synne, alone Christ payed the pyce,
In bys onlye deache, was manny's lyfe alwayes restynge,
And not in wyll worde, nor yet in manny's deservynge,
The lyght of our faythe, make thys thyngs euynge.

Conclusio.

And not the pietyse of other experiment.

Where is now fre wyll, whom the hypocrytes comment,
Wherby they report, they maye at their owne pleasure,
Do good of themselves, though grace and fayth be absent,
And haue good in eares their madnesse with some measure,
The wyll of the fleshe is proued here finall treasure,
And so is mannyas wyll, for the grace of God doth all,
More of this matter, conclude hereafter we shall.

francis felicity

Thus endeth this Tragedy or enterlude
de manifestyng the these promyses of God vnto Adam by
all ages in the olde lawe, from the fall of Adam,
to the incarnacyon of the lorde Iesus
Christ. Compyled by Jo-
han Bale. Anno domini,
M. D. XXXVIII.

John Bale

Printed by

Thomas Cotes

at the

signe of the

cross

in the

streete

betweene

the

church

and

the

gate

of

the

city

of

London

the

xxviii

of

March

1538

